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A Journalism Review

**Richard Pollak:
Schiff vs Artis**

**Leonard Shecter:
Kicked Out**

**Lindsay Van Gelder:
The Passionate Parvenu**



Oct. 1971

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Brownmiller Reviews Mailer... Almost

Editor's note: At the end of this brief introduction you will find a review by Susan Brownmiller of Norman Mailer's *The Prisoner of Sex*. First, however, some history. Ms. Brownmiller submitted the review to *Life* magazine, which assigned it, at the end of April. *Life's* review editor, David Scherman, received it enthusiastically and asked for only one slight revision, an insert about Kate Millett, who had not been mentioned. The review then was scheduled to run in the June 18 issue and Ms. Brownmiller was promptly paid. She heard nothing further from *Life*, but when she bought the June 18 issue on the newsstand her review was not in it. When she called Scherman, he explained, with some embarrassment, that the managing editor had decided not to run the review.

Mailer, it turns out, learned of the review and wrote a letter to Scherman, with copies to managing editor Ralph Graves and editor Tom Griffiths. Griffiths describes it as a "how could you?" note. The timing of the note's arrival is a matter of some confusion at *Life*. Graves insists that he decided to kill the review before Mailer's bleat arrived. Initially, however, Griffiths maintained that Graves did not even know feminist Brownmiller had been assigned to review the book until he opened Mailer's letter. Later, Griffiths allowed that he had been in error, that, indeed, the letter had come in after the spiking. Scherman, who probably deserves hazardous duty pay for making the assignment, is understandably silent on the subject.

By way of further explanation, Graves says he "felt it was unfair to sic Ms. Brownmiller on the book. You see, I don't believe in assigning automatic friends or automatic enemies to review books." There seems to be some confusion on this point, also, since only this spring Larry King's *The Confessions of a White Racist* was reviewed in *Life* by his fellow Southern and drinking buddy, Marshall Frady. Or, for enemies, there was William F. Buckley Jr. on John Kenneth Galbraith's *Ambassador's Journal*. It is true that *Life* generally publishes upbeat reviews, as it scrutinizes only one or two books a week. In fact, Ms. Brownmiller got the assignment to review *The Prisoner of Sex* when she called Scherman to report that a book about prostitution he had given her was not worth the space. When the Mailer book came up in the conversation, Ms. Brownmiller volunteered to review it. Scherman was skeptical at first but then decided it was an interesting idea and told her to go ahead. That he intended no malice is

apparent in his advice to Ms. Brownmiller. He told her, she says, to "keep it funny."

Cynics, of course, will see dark dimensions in this little drama. As moon-watchers and fight-fanciers know, Mailer is *Life's* star high-wire act these days. Moreover, both *The Prisoner of Sex* and *Of A Fire on the Moon* were published by Little, Brown, a subsidiary of Time Inc. A lot of commerce there. Maybe even seven figures. Yet surely so high-minded a writer as Norman Mailer would not try and tamper with the editorial integrity of *Life*; and certainly the editors would not bow to him if he did. The whole thing was probably Ms. Brownmiller's fault. Here is her Transgression:

BY SUSAN BROWNMILLER

There is something compelling, even romantic, in the image of an aging fighter, weak of leg and soft of paunch, who staggers from his corner at the sound of the bell. But as our hero weaves and jabs, displaying traces of the fancy footwork that made him famous, the picture darkens. The old champ has wandered into the wrong ring. The main event has been scheduled elsewhere. He is, alas, only shadow boxing, and even the audience has gone home.

For sheer bravado, there is much to admire in *The Prisoner of Sex*. I suppose: Norman Mailer challenging the entire Women's Liberation Movement to put up its dukes and fight like a man in the stadium of his sexual preoccupations. And what a stadium it is!—built high on a hill of towering conceit with flying buttresses of personal fetish. Propriety, a genderless virtue, commands me to name it the Orifice Complex. Mailer hatched his awesome plan of retribution, he explains, when *Time* put Kate Millett's picture on the cover instead of his own. What had Kate the usurper done? She had written a book called *Sexual Politics* in which she marked and tagged him a "prisoner of the virility cult," one whose work turned on the deadly equation that sex + violence = masculinity.

A fellow doubly blessed with the sounds of *man and male* in his name conceivably might anoint himself the saviour of the masculine sex, much as poor Charlie Manson confused himself out there in the desert with another named the Son of Man (in Manson's *continued on page 16*)

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(HELLBOX)

Rosebuds to Neil Sheehan, Hedrick Smith, E. W. Kenworthy and Fox Butterfield, writers, and Gerald Gold, Allan M. Siegal and Samuel Abt, copy editors, for their long and able labors on *The Pentagon Papers*, a documentation of governmental drift and mendacity that stands as a formidable public service despite the altogether justified criticism that the press in general and the *Times* in particular should have exposed the story long ago instead of waiting for it to be handed to them and then indulging in a good deal of self-congratulation (*Times*, June 13 ff).

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As any smart Canadian knows, nothing is quite so marketable in the United States as good blather. So Marshall McLuhan, of Toronto and the *Global Village*, was ready when the American Broadcasting Company called to ask if he would (for a fee, of course) write a few words on behalf of ABC's cheerful news concept. "The friendly teamness' news style," obliged McLuhan, "is a wholly-new ball game in a brand new ball park. . . . The new fact of TV is that 'You are there' and 'They are here.' TV, by sending us there and bringing them here, merges the public and the news in a new kind of figureground pattern. . . . Today the public en masse, as actor participant, is fired at the world. . . . The 'friendly teamness' news style is a recognition of the need in this new TV time to translate all the old 'hot' and 'hard' news into the low key, involving the banter of interplay and pattern recognition." The ABC people passed on these enthusiasms by way of full-page advertisements in such Gutenberg anachronisms as the *Times*, *Newsweek* and *Variety*. The full version of Professor McLuhan's happy talk is now available from ABC in a pamphlet entitled: *SHARING THE NEWS Friendly Teamness: Teeming Friendliness*. In it, McLuhan explains that "in the press the story is up front while the girl behind the guy behind the gun is real dirt—i.e. muck-raking. You cannot commit TV alone—yeah team!" And smile.

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For years, the idea that working journalists at *The Associated Press* should have representation on the news service's 18-member board of directors languished in the newsroom at the level of wishful thinking. Last spring, however, a young deskman in New York named Ron Kaye persuaded the Wire Service Guild to make such representation an issue in the next contract negotiations. Specifically, Kaye proposed that a majority of the voting members on the board be newsmen. In the words of one colleague, Kaye soon "got the hint that he had little future at the AP," and late this summer he left. Now with negotiations only a few weeks away (the contract expires December 31), no one has taken up his mission—least of all the Wire Service Guild. Kaye's original proposal has been diluted to a call for only three non-voting members and Guild administrator Norman Welton allows that even this "demand" would be one of the first to go once bargaining begins.

Only the naive, of course, would expect so feckless an organization as the Guild to see much beyond the routine bread-and-butter issues so dear to labor. But one wonders why reporters and editors at the AP don't mount an independent movement to gain a voice on a board whose membership now reads like an invitation list to an American Newspaper Publishers Association cocktail party. To wit: Paul Miller, publisher of the Rochester (N.Y.) *Times-Union* and chairman of the Gannett chain; James L. Knight, chairman of the Miami Herald and top executive in the Knight chain; John Cowles Jr., president of the Minneapolis Tribune and a chief executive of the multi-media family empire; Martin S. Hayden, editor of the Detroit News; James H. Ottaway, chairman of the Oneonta (N.Y.) *Star*; Richard L. Jones Jr., president of the Tulsa Tribune; D. Tennant Bryan, chairman of the Richmond (Va.) *News-Leader*; Dolph C. Simons Jr., president of the Lawrence (Kans.) *Journal-World*; J. Howard Wood, chairman of the executive committee of the Tribune Co. (Daily News and Chicago Tribune, among others); David R. Bradley, publisher of the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News-Press*; Jack Tarver, president of the Atlanta Constitution; Otis Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles Times and heir to the burgeoning Times-Mirror communications conglomerate; James S. Copley, publisher of the San Diego Union and head of the Copley chain; Richard C. Steele, president of the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram; Thomas Vail, president and publisher of the Cleveland Plain-Dealer; J. Kelly Sisk, president of the Greenville, (S.C.) Piedmont, and Robert M. White 2nd, president and ed- (continued on page 18)

'An Intra-Family Sort of Thing'

BY RICHARD POLLAK

By even the most inelastic definition of the term, it would seem to be "news" when the *New York Post*, champion of the downtrodden and voice of the liberals, is ordered by the New York State Division of Human Rights to "cease and desist" discriminatory hiring practices. Yet when Jack M. Sable, the division's commissioner, so ordered on August 30 in the William Artis case (see box opposite), the press once again went into the lip-biting routine it reserves for such intramural embarrassments.

The Associated Press ignored the story completely, though it received one of the spate of news releases the Human Rights division sent out on the decision. United Press International carried a short item, but if anyone at the broadcast media read it on the ticker he was not impressed. No major radio or television station touched the story. Paul Cleveland, WOR-TV's news director, wrote it off as "just an intra-family sort of thing." On September 3, the *Times* gave the story five paragraphs on page 24, the first and second dealing exclusively with Dorothy Schiff's spirited defense of herself and the newspaper she publishes ("We will, of course, appeal this unwarranted judgment"). As for the often damning judgment itself, that was summarized in the remaining three paragraphs. That afternoon, the *Post* itself did a little better, giving the story seven paragraphs on page nine. (The timing here is interesting: both the *Times* and the *Post* had the story for September 2, but when the *Times* did not use it, neither did the *Post*. The next day, when the *Times* did, the *Post* did. A coincidence?) At the *Daily News*, the story was skipped altogether. "It's arguable," says the paper's metropolitan editor, Jack Smee, "whether the public is interested in a story about one reporter at one newspaper."*

The issue, of course, is a good deal larger than that, as a reading of the mass of testimony in the William Artis case makes clear. Particularly instructive is a long memo written to Mrs. Schiff by Ted Posten, for years the lone black journalist on the *Post* staff. Mr. Posten is no militant. On the contrary, he has been a loyal employee of the *Post* since 1937. But the dismissal of Henrietta Johnson, a black tryout, in the winter of 1970 was too much for him. His memo, dated February 24 of that year, reads in part:

"I do not think it is coincidental that while the media here has been able to increase its Negro employment rolls from none to a respectable number in practically every branch, the *New York Post* has been able to raise its full-time employment list from one—over a 20-year period—to only 3 at this time. I do not for a moment question your desire to find more qualified Negro workers, but I am not at all convinced that your views are honestly shared by your executives. And that is why I am convinced that there is a de facto 'quota system' for the employment of qualified Negroes in our editorial department. How else can one explain the fact that many Negroes rejected after tryouts here were promptly hired and promoted by other newspapers and media and made permanent employees? I will list only a few instances to make the point:

"1. *Fletcher Martin*, then top rewrite man for the *Chicago Times*, came here several years ago at our request—and at his own expense—for a three week tryout. At the end of just one week, John Bott [then the city editor] told him that he had made it and had a full-time job here. He told him to go back to Chicago and pick up his clothes and return to work here the next Monday. Martin called his Chicago office, resigned his job and took the next train for Chicago. The train had hardly left Grand Central Station before Bott asked me how could he locate Martin. When he was asked why, he mumbled: 'I'm sorry, but he didn't make it.' Martin, through no fault of his own, was out of work for two months before he was taken on by the *Detroit Free Press*. He stayed there until he was called into government service and is now chief information officer for all Africa in the U. S. Information Service and stationed in Addis Ababa.

"2. *Claude Lewis* was another tryout who 'didn't make it' at the *Post*. He was taken on immediately by the old *Herald-Tribune* and became a top reporter there. When that paper folded, Lewis went to the *Bulletin* in his native Philadelphia and is a ranking reporter there.

"3. *Edward Cumberbatch* was a copy boy and switchboard operator in our city room for many months. He was given a brief tryout after the Guild contract called for promotion of copy boys into cub reporters. He 'didn't make it' here, but was immediately hired by *Newsweek* magazine, assigned to many top stories.

"4. *Ray Rogers* was also a bright young Negro copy boy here, who I'm not sure was ever given a tryout. He left here, went to Los Angeles

and was immediately hired and trained by the *Los Angeles Times* where he did an outstanding job. (For one edition recently, the *New York Post* carried a full-page feature on the organizing meeting of the Organization of Black Elected Officials which we got from the *Los Angeles Times*.) The author... was Ray Rogers. He has recently become assistant city editor of *The Washington Post*.

"5. *Alfonso Narvaez* was a bright, college-trained young Puerto Rican who was given a tryout here. I recall that in one day of his tryout, he had three bylines on *Post* stories in a single edition. But, like Henrietta Johnson, he had an extension of his tryout period, and then was summarily dropped as 'not making it.' He went to the *Herald Tribune* and had several page one byline stories there in his first weeks of employment. When the *Trib* folded, Narvaez became inspector general of the City Housing Department. I think he now works for *The New York Times*.

"6. *Mirian Rodriguez* was a sharp young Puerto Rican woman of great promise (and of great need to the *Post*, which is still short on Spanish-speaking reporters). She 'didn't make it,' either, tearfully. But she worked briefly for the Puerto Rican Council before going to CBS or another major network where she has been promoted twice, according to what Narvaez told me the other day. (continued on page 14)

Following are the principal findings by Jack M. Sable, Commissioner of the New York State Division of Human Rights, in the case of William Artis vs. The New York Post:

On or about June 8, 1970, [William Artis] was hired by The Post as a probationary reporter. The probationary period is ninety days and with union approval, may be extended to 180 days. However, on July 17, 1970, only thirty-nine days after [Artis] was hired, then assistant managing editor George Trow informed [Artis] that his services were to be terminated effective July 24, 1970. On July 20, 1970, [Artis] filed the instant complaint, alleging that he was terminated from his employment because of his race and color: in that The Post, in effect, maintains a pattern of not more than three permanent black reporters at any one time, which would have been disturbed had [Artis] survived the probationary period.

From on or about January 1, 1968 through September 13, 1970, The Post selected 53 persons to be probationary reporters, of whom 44 were Caucasian, six were black, and three were Puerto Rican. Of the 44 Caucasian probationary reporters, 24, more than half, survived their probationary period. Of the nine minority probationary reporters, only two, less than 25 percent, survived their probationary period. Although The Post maintained that it exerted efforts to recruit black and Puerto Rican reporters, there is insufficient evidence that The Post provided [Artis] with enough time to prove his professional capabilities, or that The Post exerted efforts to assist [Artis] in meeting the particular professional standards set by The Post. In addition, there is a lack of evidence that prior to the notice of termination on July 17, 1970, The Post made any effort to warn [Artis] of deficiencies in his work with respect to the standards The Post required for permanent status. After [Artis] was given notice he was to be terminated, and he had filed the instant complaint with the Division, his probationary period was extended. Evidence of his work during this period was submitted by The Post. I make no finding with regard to the sufficiency of the [Artis's] work either in and of itself or in comparison to work of non-minority group probationary reporters.

The Post employs 63 reporters, of whom 3 are black and none is Puerto Rican. I find that the allegation in the complaint that The Post never had more than 3 permanent black reporters in its employ at any time is supported by the evidence. I find that The Post's action in not affording [Artis] a full probationary period, together with its failure to provide sufficient guidance and training with respect to The Post's standards, during such period, is contrary to its own stated policy of promoting minority employment on its own staff. I find that the failure of The Post to afford [Artis], a black probationary reporter, an adequate opportunity, contravened the Human Rights Laws....

*Let's expand the story, then. The *Daily News*, whose circulation of 2.1 million probably includes more black and Puerto Rican readers than any other newspaper in the world, employs no black or Puerto Rican editors, photographers, sports writers, librarians, copy deskmen or foreign correspondents. Of the newspaper's 250 reporters, four are black and two are Puerto Rican, a ratio that remains roughly what it was four years ago.

'Banal at Worst, Predictable at Best'

BY JULIUS DUSCHA

Opinion is cheap. Reportage is dangerous and expensive. So Washington columnists continue to proliferate and prosper. "It's the cheapest form of editorial copy there is," Art Buchwald, the highest paid and perhaps most influential of the columnists, points out. "You can fill half the paper for less than it costs to pay a copy boy."

Despite declarations by editors of such prestigious papers as *The Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times* that the day of the columnist is gone, their number continues to increase. During the last year conservative Kevin Phillips, liberal Milton Viorst and iconoclast Gary Wills have all started columns. The *Los Angeles Times* has reduced the space it makes available to columnists, but it has turned a couple of its best reporters—D.J.R. Bruckner and Robert Elegant—into pundits. As for the *Post*, it devotes more space than ever to columns and regularly provides space for some of its reporters to pontificate. Even *The New York Times* has added a columnist—Anthony Lewis.

The amount of newsprint that *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Washington Post* make available to columnists is a small part of the papers' total space devoted to serious news, but on medium-size and smaller papers where space is tight columns may take up from 10 to 20 per cent of all the newsprint available each day for national and international news. Considering how little information readers get from most columnists, this is an inexcusable waste of space.

For medium-size and smaller papers, Washington columnists have simply become a cop-out. Editors judiciously try to balance conservative writers with a sprinkling of liberals, throw in Buchwald, Russell Baker or Art Hoppe for what they consider comic relief and tell themselves and their communities that they are serving up a daily smorgasbord of the best political thought in the country. What they don't tell the readers is that this is an extremely cheap way to fill up most of an editorial page. On smaller papers, even the popular Buchwald goes for only \$2 a week simply because practically all smaller papers have monopolies and the syndicate salesman has the choice of either selling cheap or not selling at all. The top prices for columnists in larger cities where there is still some newspaper competition go up to \$225 a week, still less than top minimum reporter salaries of \$300 a week on bigger papers. In most large cities, however, columnists are usually sold for no more than \$50 a week.

While two-thirds to three-fourths of an editorial page is filled with the output of columnists (and on some papers the editor shovels in the column without even reading it, or has his secretary process it for the composing room), the rest of the page generally is devoted to anemic editorials. The editor's excuse is that he cannot be an expert on everything and besides he has his stable of columnists to explain and interpret what is going on in the world. It certainly is true that most editors and editorial writers on medium-size and smaller papers have problems enough, given the shortage of personnel that usually plagues editorial page staffs and the complexity of local and state issues, let alone national and international matters. But when they abdicate so many of their judgments to columnists, do they get any more than superficial or prejudicial 700-word essays from their Washington soothsayers?

Today most Washington columnists are under contract to their syndicates to write three pieces a week. This is better than the usual five-a-week quota of a few years ago, but even three a week is too many. Most weeks there really is not that much happening to provide grist for three thoughtful columns. Some columnists, like Buchwald, cheerfully acknowledge this and publicly admit writing what Buchwald calls "throwaway columns" to fulfill their contracts. The trouble is that few editors throw these columns away because they have committed space to them. Not only must the columnists write three times a week, but if they are to succeed they must write on three different topics each week. So in one week Joseph Kraft, for example, may find himself jumping from the European Common Market to President Sadat of Egypt to the Pentagon Papers. Fast footwork, indeed, but hardly conducive to incisive analysis or deep thinking. Fortunately for the harassed columnists, readers' memories are short and it is often possible to repeat essentially the same column at quite short intervals. Last spring, for instance, Joseph Alsop suddenly became enamored with the potentials for statesmanship lurking in Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee and wrote three decently spaced but almost identical columns lauding Mills.

Both syndicate salesman and the columnists themselves report that editors prefer opinionated pieces to reportorial efforts, which says a good deal about the state of daily journalism in the United States. When Frank Mankiewicz was still collaborating on a daily column with Tom Braden, he told me that they drew much more reaction from opinion

columns than from pieces focusing on inside information. Tom Wicker reports the same sort of reactions. "I can write about a bill pending in Congress and won't hear a word," he says. And when one runs down the roster of Washington columnists, few can be found that do any significant reporting. The *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, which Jack Anderson has continued since Drew Pearson's death a couple of years ago, is still primarily reportage—often unsubstantiated gossip, some would say. Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, probably the most influential columnists among Washington officials and Members of Congress, concentrate on inside reporting. Alsop can still be a first-rate reporter when he doesn't let his prejudices get in the way of the facts. And Marquis Childs is also still good at spade work. But when you get much beyond these, there are far more opinions than facts in the columns.

Editors are happy with this surfeit of predictable opinion from the columnists. But what about the readers? Columns, like editorials, are not well-read. David Lawrence, for example, figures that no more than 10 per cent of the 17 to 18 million readers of the 400 or so papers that buy his column read it, but he notes that an audience of 1.7 to 1.8 million is not bad. Particularly when one realizes that a book can make best-seller lists even though it sells no more than 30,000 copies.

The columnists may not be particularly well-read or influential around the country, but in Washington they are at the top of the print journalism pecking order. An Alsop or a Kraft, a James Reston or a Wicker do not quite add up to an Eric Sevareid or a David Brinkley, but almost. The television gurus make a lot more money than the columnists, but in print journalism columnists are far better paid than editors, and only publishers earn more from the printed word. Art Buchwald makes \$125,000 a year from his column and another \$50,000 from lecturing, a lucrative sideline for most columnists. The *Los Angeles Times* Syndicate, which distributes a few of the major columnists including Buchwald, guarantees Alsop \$100,000 a year plus two lengthy, all-expense-paid trips to world trouble spots of his choosing. The *Washington Merry-Go-Round* grosses \$300,000 a year and most successful columns bring in at least \$200,000. Generally the syndicates which sell and distribute the columns split the take from them 50-50 with the columnists, who must, however, pay all of their own expenses. But it is easy enough to see a \$50,000 a year net for some of the more successful columnists.

Not only are columnists at the financial pinnacle of print journalism; they also are at the top of the telephone and social register in Washington. When a committee chairman, a cabinet member or other high official starts returning his telephone calls at the end of the day, he is much more likely to call Scotty Reston, Bill White or Joe Kraft before an Associated Press regional correspondent or a "special" representing the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. Not long ago when I was working on an article about Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird and was trying to set up an interview with a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, I was told by a harried colonel: "We will put you on the list, but the general is terribly busy. Why, we've been trying to get Mr. Joseph Alsop in to see him for two days now." More than other journalists in Washington, columnists become dependent on official sources. The columnists are forced to jump from one difficult subject to another; so they must rely on a few reliable conduits. If you have a month to write a magazine profile of a cabinet member, you can talk to a good many people, some who like him and some who don't. You also have time to check out and reflect on information from your sources. But when you are grinding out three columns a week and making two or three lecture tours a year, too, you need sources who will return your calls the same day and will throw out some fat that can be easily chewed into the next column. Alsop has lived off the fat of the generals for two decades or more. Among Evans' and Novak's trusted sources are Laird and Mills. Hubert Humphrey used to offer stories to Drew Pearson. Bill White has long depended on conservative Southern Democrats for his insights into the Washington world. In fact, each Administration tends to spawn or develop a columnist whose reputation is made by the fact that he is closer to the particular Administration than any of his colleagues. And the popularity and profitability of the columnist usually outlives the Administration. Roscoe Drummond first came to prominence as the man with the inside dope on the Eisenhower crowd. Charles Bartlett bloomed when his friend John F. Kennedy became President. White's closeness to Lyndon Johnson boomed sales of his column. Kevin Phillips' move from the Justice Department, where he had gone after serving on the Nixon campaign staff in 1968 and writing *The Emerging Republican Majority*, turned him into a hot property when it was announced he would write a column.

Once even tenuously established, most columnists go on and on. Generally, only illness or death stops them. I can think of only one Washington column that has failed in the last decade, and that was Max Freedman's. Many others are only marginally successful, but once a man gets onto an editorial page it is almost impossible to dislodge him no matter how out of touch he may get with the world. David Lawrence is a good example. He is still one of the most widely printed columnists even though it is generally acknowledged in Washington that he is an anachronism. He says that all he tries to do is explain the news, and his columns do manage to stay close to the news. But they are poorly written and his reactions to news events are 99 per cent predictable. Editors like him because he is a conservative voice. He has been especially popular in the South because of his efforts to find every possible shred of evidence discrediting desegregation. Lawrence's continued popularity raises questions as to whether editors even read his column regularly. If I were an editor and wanted a good conservative voice on my editorial page, I would choose Buckley or Kilpatrick over Lawrence not only on the basis of writing style but also because they are wired in to the world as it is today not as it was 40 years ago.

Something seems to have gone out of the columnist trade since Drew Pearson's death in 1969 and Walter Lippmann's decision to retire several years ago. There was nothing quite like the moral outrage of a Pearson exposé. His successor, Jack Anderson, picks up his fair share of Washington scandals, but the column often has a ho-hum tone to it, as if Anderson were saying, "Well, folks, here's today's scandal." And no one has succeeded Lippmann, who reigned for almost 40 years as the most respected Washington columnist. He was a philosopher as well as an incisive analyst of the news, and there are few practicing columnists with such an intellectual combination. Reston comes closest, but he is basically a reporter with the overtones of a Calvinist preacher. Wicker is also much more of a reporter than a philosopher. Kraft was touted by some in Washington a couple of years ago as the most likely successor to Lippmann, but he has not made it. He claims credit for coining the phrase "middle America," but it takes more than a phrase to make a Lippmann.

What columnists do count in Washington and in the country? It is important to make the distinction between the capital and the rest of the nation because the fashionable columnists in Washington often are not so popular in the rest of the country. Anderson's *Washington Merry-Go-Round* unquestionably has more impact around the country than any other column. It gets more mail—hundreds of letters a week, many of them

containing tips that Anderson and his staff check out and turn into column items. It deals in scandals, gossip and other matters that appeal to the wire services' legendary Kansas City milkman. And the column has believability. But in Washington, the column is looked down on. The *Post*, which carries it in the capital, long ago relegated it to one of its comic pages, which means of course that it attracts many more readers than the columns on the Op-Ed page. But the positioning also says something about the importance of the column in the eyes of the *Post's* editors.

Within Washington, Evans and Novak are probably more eagerly read than any other column because they deal so often at the Georgetown drawing room level of gossip—or minutiae—that greases conversation at cocktail parties. Like Anderson and his five-man staff, Evans and Novak, who have only a secretary, are primarily reporters. Their shortcoming is that they often use what Novak calls "inside baseball" stories that are good reading in Washington but sometimes inconsequential to their audience in the rest of the country.

Banal at worst, predictable at best, the columnists go on day after day grinding out their 700 words, and the syndicate salesman comb the country seeking editorial pages that need political balancing. Most of the pundits seem to be out of touch with today's readers and the issues that interest them. The majority of the columnists write either about foreign policy or domestic politics. To most readers, politics is a boring subject except for a few weeks before an election; they are simply not interested in the minute maneuvering reported with such seriousness a year or so before even the first of the presidential primaries. As for foreign policy, it is of course important but except for Vietnam and now China it is difficult to interest readers in such subjects as yet another minicrisis in the Middle East. Most of the columnists seldom write about economics, because they know little about it, or about such new issues as consumerism, the environment and the counter-culture. Yet these are issues in which there is much more reader interest than in endless speculation about politics or what the Common Market may mean to the United States balance-of-trade position.

The Washington columnist is an anachronism, but so is much of daily journalism—the comic strips which can hardly compete with the entertainment offered on television, the headline treatment of news which most readers have already heard about on radio or television, the convention that whatever a public official says must be treated with the utmost seriousness and reported with a straight face. But it is unlikely that the present use of columnists will soon be reevaluated. They are too cheap and too easy to use.

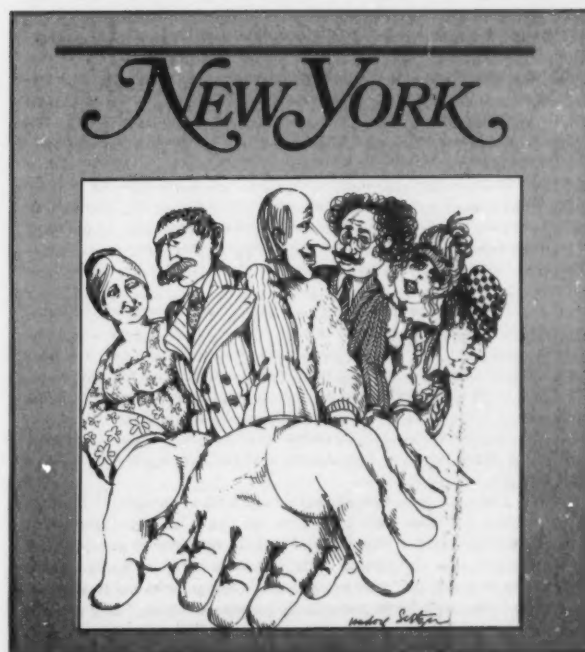
The Passionate Parvenu: A Guide

BY LINDSY VAN GELDER

Editor's note: Lindsay Van Gelder returns soon to her job as a reporter on the New York Post after a leave of absence during which she was a Felker Fellow at the New York Magazine Institute for Better Journalism.

Going broke on \$75,000 a year isn't enough anymore. Let's face it: with the exception of Bernie Cornfeld and a few earthy lettuce-pickers who don't even live in New York anyway, sim'ly everybody has money...especially now that the entire population of Manhattan below Ninety-sixth Street is employed in a) lucrative free-lance populist muckraking while on leave from the playpen of the media elite or, b) operating kitschy-koo Mad-Av multi-environment boutiques specializing in fuschia leatherette Rita Hayworth wedgie espadrilles for men.

What's important today is...your Spending Scenario. How you blow it is the supreme status index. Witness the Queens philistines with their Lottery Winner Model Cadillac convertibles, their ticky-tacky Las Vegas vacations, their dreary lava-flow of country clubs, orthodontia bills, home insurance and Countess Mara ties. Mere bourgeois bankruptcy! Mere flamingos-on-the-lawn-transported-to-Scarsdale gauche! Meanwhile the super-chic go broke with *elan*...and *chutzpah*. But what of the semi-chic who must go corner-cuttingly flat on a pittance of 50 thou? What of the nouveau-funky who secretly, honestly *prefer* The Cattleman to Elaine's? Happily for all, there exists an underground of artsy craftsmen and crafty artisans to help the hip but somewhat vulgarity-prone upward-mobilizer to achieve a gutsy, dynamic guerrilla-spender profile, make friends and influence Beautiful People. Some can even help you save money without losing face. To wit:



Despite the fact that brownstoning has become *de rigeur* among the Vibrant Young Professional set, some V.Y.P.'s have hesitated to acquire this important symbol of urban commitment. Most seem to feel that it's too much work—but what's the point of owning a brownstone if you can't brag about getting back to basics with your very own calloused hands? FLY-BY-NIGHT RENOVATORS of Park Slope will paint, plaster, plumber and otherwise orchestrate the environment of the brownstone of your choice, all under the cover of darkness, discretion and amateurishness guaranteed or your (outrageously exorbitant) money back. Plus—for an additional fee—they will provide the use of their specially-designed Finger Gym to develop those vital authentic spackle-stained callouses.

Once ensconced, you might want to take advantage of another exciting new firm: RENT-A-PROLE ASSOCIATES of Red Hook. "Don't do somethin' stoopid like invitin' a passé Black Panther to yer housewarmen," cautions owner-founder Vito McGuire. "Looka what happened to Lenny and Felicia." Mister Vito will provide stavedores, hardhats, cabbies, Times Square hookers, BMT motormen, Staten Island housewives and a host of other worker-chic types, all sure to dazzle your guests with a repertoire of embarrassed feet-shuffling, beery belches, salutes to the flag and commentary on Mayor Lindsay. Union rates. (Jimmy Breslin and Pete Hamill slightly more expensive.)

For those still hamstrung by liberal impulses, Mister Vito offers a limited selection of Panther breakfast program workers, Redstockings and Berrigan brothers. He has also instituted an intriguing service for those whose social cachet makes them feel guilty about hiring poor old black women to clean their apartments: a squadron of white males, many of them off-duty policemen, to do your housework one afternoon a week.

Another firm specializing in liberal clients is the HAIRSHIRT TRAVEL AGENCY of West End Avenue. "We cater to the man who's bored with saying that he won't support the junta by vacationing in Greece," explains Bartleby Blameless, the agency's sincere and sensitive director. Hairshirt arranges package tours to its own recently-purchased Greek Island, allowing its customers to spend a lot while remaining

politically impeccable. All this and sunshine too!

KULTCHERMAVEN PROPS, INC. of East Fifty-seventh Street is for the would-be B. P. with slightly less money. In fact, it adjusts its rates according to upper-middle, lower-upper or upper-upper bracket. This social- and socialist-conscious shop deals in just about everything the budding culture-consumer might need, from Dalton sweatshirts for the kids to the "right" ensemble of magazines for your coffee table (*Spiderman* instead of *Harper's*, for instance.) Upper-upper customers can opt for the new Purchase Plan, permitting Kulchermaven's team of experts to buy their wine, clothes, even the family dog, while recession-struck upper-middles can learn to order Almaden with arrogant aplomb.

Once you've effectively insulated yourself from reality, the next stop on your climb might be the FRIENDLY FELON CO. of Upper Central Park West. FF grew out of the increasing problem faced by the overly-successful funky-chic arrival: how to make engaging party-talk about the public transportation breakdown, crime in the streets and the state of city schools when these subjects are outside one's personal purview? For the price of the cash you ordinarily carry in your Gucci wallet, FF will arrange—at your convenience—an absolutely pain-free mugging. A subsidiary company, GRABASS & GROPER of Greenwich Village, offers a similar service for those who feel they've reached the stage where they ought to be having an extra-marital affair, but for some reason don't really want to. G&G's luscious lads and ladies are on call for ostentatious hand-holding lunches at La Grenouille, discreet orgies and Hampton weekends. Homosexuals available for the *truly* pseudo-liberated.

Five years ago it was San Francisco, then Vermont, and now London. The real mark of the chic New Yorker is his perpetual lament about getting away from the city—and this time SPOTATREND RELOCATIONS will let you in on the ground floor. The place is...New Jersey! Spotatrend plans to recreate the entire East Side of Manhattan, from singles bars to well-fed cockroaches, out of the exotic Jersey marshlands, thus allowing its clients to "flee" the city with no psychic readjustment. And, as an extra bonus, the first 50 persons to sign up for lots are guaranteed an unbeatable status-symbol of the future: their names on the masthead of a new magazine entitled *Ho-Ho-Kus*.

Is Anybody Downtown Listening?

BY TERRY PRISTIN

Three-and-a-half years ago, the Kerner Commission on civil disorders castigated the press for its contribution to the widening chasm between blacks and whites. "Along with the country as a whole," wrote the commissioners, "the press has too long basked in a white world, looking out of it, if at all, with white men's eyes and a white perspective." The immediate response was a predictable scramble for black talent. In New York, however, other recommendations of the commission were tried by a group brought together by the New School for Social Research. With the aid of a grant from the Ford Foundation, an Urban Reporting Project was established, a forum where community spokesmen could air their grievances before media executives. After about a year, however, these "rap sessions" had effected little progress and a bolder tactic was initiated: if the press found it difficult to go to the "communities," a euphemism for the multitude of neighborhoods where *Times* editors and network officials do not live, well then, the communities would come to the media. The conduit would be an independent news agency called the Community News Service (CNS) and it would provide mimeographed, but professional, dispatches on a subscriber basis, delivered twice daily by motorcycle courier.

But if Mohammed didn't want to go to the mountain, he didn't exactly make it easy for the mountain to come to him. A year-and-a-half after its inception, the Harlem-based Community News does not have enough subscribers to survive when its grant runs out by the end of the year. Even more disheartening to its young and primarily black staff is the feeling that CNS' efforts are being largely ignored. They feel the downtown press simply regards its CNS subscriptions as an obligatory pay-off. After all, as black reporter Tom Johnson of the *Times* puts it, "CNS is black and it's a nuisance."

The city's news operations first saw CNS in January, 1970, when the service was delivered daily for a free trial run. That April, they were asked to sign on for three months. Eight of the major ones did, but only five continue to take the service. The *Amsterdam News*, WOR-TV and WINS radio dropped out months ago. Community News subscribers include two of the city's three major daily newspapers (the *Times* and the *Daily News*), one of the all-news radio outlets (WCBS), only two of the six commercial television stations (WCBS and WNBC) and neither of the two

wire services. The rate for most hand-delivered subscriptions is \$200 a week (\$275 total for the two WCBS news departments). Smaller subscribers, like neighborhood weeklies, may pay as little as \$30 a week to receive the CNS packet by mail. Each day's CNS file includes a calendar of local events, the equivalent of a wire service "daybook," that is sent out early in the afternoon. The evening delivery consists of five or six stories written clearly, concisely and — usually — dispassionately. Awkward sentences crop up now and then, and sometimes CNS leads lack crispness. Inevitably, also, factual errors find their way into the copy, but as Jack Smee, metropolitan editor of the *Daily News* and a strong CNS supporter, maintains, CNS is no more inaccurate than AP or UPI.

Telephone interviews with the service's major subscribers revealed that the files are being read, at least some of the time, but by extremely skeptical eyes. Apart from the community papers, some of which are heavily dependent on the service, and the new *Sunday Herald*, no outlet uses CNS stories verbatim or even in part. In general, when CNS is used at all, it is as a tipsheet that is particularly valuable because of the list of contacts appended to each story. CNS' young, black city editor Ron Smothers, who has reported for the *Washington Post* and *Newsday*, says that pride of authorship is not a big concern with his staff. "Our reporters aren't by-line hungry," he insists. But he does claim, with some justification, that major CNS leads are being disregarded. CNS scored beats on several important stories—among them, the welfare hotels and the municipal loans scandals. Yet these stories didn't break in the downtown press until months after the CNS dispatches were sent out. While Smothers concedes that the Community News pieces didn't have the force of detailed investigative reporting, he thinks they posted enough warnings to have precipitated further research on the part of the media. If the stories aren't being ignored, reasons Smothers, then they simply aren't being believed.

It appears that CNS' credibility with some of its subscribers is not much higher than that of the ordinary press release, although few would go as far as WCBS-TV city editor Ned Schnurman, who asserted that the service represented "advocacy journalism mixed with public relations." Undoubtedly, some of this suspicion stems from the fact that the staff, which includes six reporters, two of them Puerto Rican and the rest black, is relatively inexperienced. Yet some staff members do boast orthodox

credentials (the *Times* and *Newsweek*) and others, perhaps more significantly, have worked for long periods of time in the communities they cover.

The second explanation for CNS' credibility problems is a bit more subtle, reflecting as it does the time-honored tradition of what Smothers terms "official-level reporting." As Tom Wicker recently pointed out, in general, the "American press—print and electronic—merely reacts to the statements of important officials rather than trying to make an independent judgment on the facts." In a sense, CNS exists to help get at these facts. "We lean over backwards to be objective," says Josh Friedman, a CNS desk man. "Our stories are sometimes skimpy because we have trouble getting responses from people in high places," he adds. "We wind up with the usual 'so-and-so couldn't be reached for comment.'"

Some of the skepticism on the part of CNS' clients is understandable, however. The service's managing editor, George Barner (formerly of the *Amsterdam News*) is not only considered an ineffectual leader but has also created a conflict of interest by making calls in behalf of his friend, L. Joseph Overton. The subject of a *Times* expose last November, Overton is currently under federal indictment in connection with questionable business practices in Harlem. Staff members insist that Smothers and his two desk men have full control over their copy and that Barner makes no attempt to influence them. Moreover, Barner has announced his intention to resign.

Accompanying this article are three CNS stories that illustrate the quality of the service while showing how subscribers are failing to make the best use of it. The story of the beleaguered Puerto Rican school principal didn't become "news" until the Jewish Defense League disrupted a school board meeting to protest her appointment five days after the CNS story was distributed. A brief item in the *Daily News* made no mention of the fact that P.S. 114 is overwhelmingly non-white. Because they were deprived of the background provided by CNS, *News* readers could easily assume that the JDL's antagonism toward Mrs. Santos was justified. The reporter had never seen the CNS piece.

The report on mobile homes was part of a continuing effort to chronicle community opinion about these controversial dwellings. Three days after the CNS story was sent out, a live grenade was discovered underneath one of its trailers. The *Times* reporter, who did not know that demonstrations against the homes had been scheduled for the following week, wrote that the Housing Authority said "there had been no organized opposition" to them. He was not aware of the fact that the local Model Cities administration had withdrawn its support of the project. The *Times*man, Peter Kihss, is one of the city's most seasoned metropolitan reporters, but even he cannot be in touch with every community group. He admits he hasn't looked at a CNS file in three months. "It would be helpful to me if I saw it," he adds. "They cover a great many things we should be covering."

The piece on the Brooklyn armory was a follow-up to earlier stories describing how a group of black veterans had tried to obtain the use of a local facility. By April, they had been able to open the armory to the Bedford-Stuyvesant community and were planning a full schedule of summer events. At the end of the month, the State had announced that the armory was to be closed down. This rather disturbing piece of information was brought to the attention of *Times* readers on August 1. And in addition to being late, the story was barren of the kind of background that would have conveyed a sense of what the armory meant to these veterans.

CNS also maintains that the press was caught off guard when the Brownsville section of Brooklyn erupted on May 5th of this year, as a result of local discontent with the Rockefeller budget. "Maybe that could have been averted," says Smothers, who contends that most of the press ignored the peaceful attempts of community groups to protest the welfare cuts. "And then May 5th comes around, and everyone says, 'What are those crazy folks doing?'" Tom Johnson of the *Times* went to Brownsville without having seen the CNS files. "I found out later that I had simply duplicated the work they had done," he says. The *Times*, like all the other major subscribers, does not keep many back CNS dispatches in its morgue. Arthur Gelb, the *Times* metropolitan editor, thinks that CNS should do the filing and that reporters should get into the habit of calling the service for background information. "Any reporter who doesn't make use of it (CNS) just isn't doing his job," Gelb declares. He promises that CNS will be making a more obvious contribution to the *Times* now that the paper has begun publishing a special Sunday section covering Brooklyn, Queens and Long Island.

While the *Times* and the *News* could be utilizing CNS more fully, they are, at least, helping to keep the service going, which is more than can be said for the city's only afternoon paper, the *New York Post*.

The fact that the *Post* doesn't subscribe to CNS shouldn't surprise anyone who knows that the paper has only recently begun picking up the AP local wire after a lapse of 15 months. Paul Sann, the *Post's* executive editor, asserted that "the minorities area is much more delicate and much more urgent to cover with our own people." Sann says he hasn't examined a CNS file lately, but his original impression was that "there wasn't anything there beyond what our own efforts were. I did not find that the thing would pay for us." Several *Post* reporters do not support this view and are trying to arrange with CNS to have the service sent directly to them at their own expense. Emil Milne, for one, is tired of being sent up to Harlem everyday just because he is black. He contends that the paper is overly dependent on its minority-group reporters: "We're not here all the time, and when that happens, things are missed."

The poor response to CNS from the electronic media is particularly distressing in view of the fact that, as the Kerner Commission pointed out, television and radio are far more popular than newspapers in

June 11, (CNS)—P.S. 114 in the western Bronx is 53 per cent Puerto Rican, 27 per cent black, two per cent oriental and 18 per cent other -- and it is the others who might present a problem next Wednesday, June 16, for Mrs. Maria A. Santos when she is presented to the school's parents association as District Nine's first Puerto Rican principal.

Despite the school's ethnic makeup, says Mrs. Santos, its parents association is dominated by "others" and she fears the group is holding "secret meetings" to disrupt her official installation at the school on Wednesday.

The school, located at 167th St. and Cromwell Ave. in the Highbridge section, is in the "silk stocking district" of District 9, whose pupil population is 50 per cent Puerto Rican and 48 per cent black. Most of the area's white families have moved to Co-op City or the suburbs in recent years.

"I would be a fool to deny it," commented PA president Mrs. Barbara Goldsamt yesterday of Mrs. Santos' fears. The PA had opposed Mrs. Santos for the post and had recommended acting principal Michael A. Mullee, who has been at P.S. 114 for 20 years and speaks four languages including Spanish.

Although Mrs. Goldsamt said she was not concerned about Mrs. Santos' ethnic background and hoped things would "cool off" during the summer, she said that "a whole big racial thing has evolved" because of her appointment and was precipitated by some Spanish-speaking supporters of Mrs. Santos who have been very vocal at meetings.

"They are becoming more vocal and even militant," added Mrs. Goldsamt, noting that prior to Mrs. Santos' appointment, few Spanish-speaking parents had taken interest in the PA.

However, Mrs. Santos has drawn support from the district's community school board which, unlike some other local boards in minority areas, is reflective of the community's ethnic makeup (four blacks, three Puerto Ricans and two whites).

"If there is any resentment, it may be the kind that you may get from people unwilling to face up to reality," said board president Gerald Morton, a black man. "Some people with old established notions fail to recognize a need for change."

The local board approved Mrs. Santos by a vote of eight to one after the PA had deadlocked with District 9 superintendent Andrew Donaldson, one of the city's five black community superintendents out of a total of 31.

Meanwhile, the eye of the storm, 49-year-old Mrs. Santos, says she is overjoyed at her appointment and intends to remain soft-spoken but firm in resisting any opposition. The trouble, she says, stems from the school district's sharply divided economic background "with some children coming from the homes of professional parents and other coming from low-income blue and white collar families. The attitudes differ with the more educated, vocal and aggressive dominating the other."

"We have not met the needs of the children," she says. "I intend to bring more Spanish-speaking teachers into the school as well as the rest of the district." The school currently has one bilingual classroom teacher for its 53 per cent Puerto Rican student population.

Mrs. Santos has been preparing for her new post for a long time. The grandmother of two did not begin college until 1950, when she already had two children. Since then she has earned a masters degree at Hunter and a diploma in Administration and Supervision of Urban Schools in a special Fordham University program which prepared her for New York State Certification as a principal.

Although she is not on the controversial Board of Examiners principals' list, she has been a full-time principal intern at J.H.S. 123 and P.S. 77 in the Bronx.

Mrs. Santos, whose father was a teacher, is the oldest of 18 brothers and sisters, three of whom are school administrators and four of whom are teachers in Puerto Rico.

CONTACT: Mrs. Santos, 588-2150 (office) TA 9-9883 (home)
Mrs. Goldsamt, 538-3029
Morton, 993-6200 (office) / 299-2725 (home)
Alex Sobel, Dist. 9 PIO, 588-6583

low-income neighborhoods. Nearly all of the non-subscribers cite a shortage of funds as their primary excuse. It is a lame excuse at best and an incredible one coming from a lucrative operation such as WABC-TV's "Eyewitness News." Instead, it must be assumed that the broadcast outlets realize that community news will do nothing to boost their ratings. After all, WABC-TV has demonstrated that upbeat news is a concomitant of success, and who can argue with a zooming Nielsen? Al Primo, news director of the "Eyewitness" team, holds the credo that "it isn't our job to save the city." The viewers apparently agree.

Those commercial broadcast outlets that do receive CNS—WCBS-TV, WCBS radio and WNBC—say they are often alerted to potential stories. In general, they seem more interested in what CNS can offer in the way of feature material and trend-spotting rather than hard news. "It's a valuable service, and it's the only in we have with the inner city," notes Ed Hanna, assignment editor at WNBC-TV, "but it could be more valuable if it went deeper, by doing interviews, say, with people in the numbers game, or with dope pushers." Not surprisingly, it disturbs the CNS staff that those cliché and overworked stories are so much in demand, while reports on alleged scandals, like the city's day-care leasing program, are being overlooked. "We're up to our necks in day-care centers," sighs Hanna. "People are getting tired of them."

Since no systematic monitoring of the three stations takes place, it is hard for Smothers and his staff to gauge how frequently the service is being used. Still, they feel that they would be getting feedback from the communities if a significant number of CNS stories were actually aired. Instead, they discern in their sources a mood of frustration, a sense that as

usual, no one is listening.

The major black media have also failed to get the message. Neither of the two soul stations—WLIR and WWRL—subscribes to CNS, even though the cost to them would only be about \$35 a week. Scott Gorman, news director of WLIR, refused to comment, while his counterpart at WWRL, Richard London, said he favors use of the service but has been unable to persuade the station's predominantly white management to buy it. The *Amsterdam News* is undergoing a number of changes now that it is in new hands, and its publisher, Clarence Jones, says that he has been engaging in "extensive discussions with CNS concerning a more overall, continuing relationship." That might include buying CNS out, a move that would be regarded in some quarters as a sell-out to the old guard.

The CNS operation must shoulder the blame for not making it harder for recalcitrants to keep on saying no. In fact, since the program has been underway, almost no attempts have been made to re-sell the product. If CNS is to remain independent, it will need either further foundation support (Ford has so far supplied \$655,000 toward the Urban Reporting Project and CNS) or a subscription intake of at least \$20,000 a month, more than double the amount it currently receives. And in order to survive—for the sake of staff morale and the prestige required to get information—CNS will need stronger indications from the media that its efforts are taken seriously. "I don't think they're really convinced there's something important happening out there in the neighborhoods," says Smothers. "But I'm not yet ready to conclude that the media downtown are unable to be reformed."

April 28, (CNS)—The head of the 715th Veterans Association, a group of about 250 black National Guardsmen and reservists, has accused the State of trying to hold down the number of blacks in the New York State Army National Guard by closing the Sumner Armory in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

James Allen, a first sergeant assigned to the armory, said his organization has been actively recruiting local men to join the Second Battalion, 106th Infantry Division, which is stationed in the armory.

He said the unit has one of the highest percentage of black noncommissioned officers of the 14 armories located in the city. All four first sergeants in the battalion are black, the sergeant major is black and most of the platoon sergeants are black, he said.

"Because we're vigorously trying to get people involved in the armory, they're trying to close us down," he charged yesterday. Allen added that his organization is seeking not only blacks but all local residents so that the armory will be more readily accepted and used by the surrounding community.

Colonel Raymond Joyce, a spokesman for the state Division of Military and Naval Affairs in Albany, yesterday confirmed that the armory is being "discontinued for troop use because of budget and personnel cuts." However, he denied Allen's allegations that the decision has a racial basis.

"I am not aware that this unit is heavy in blacks," he said. "I know a number of whites who are officers and NCO's there and I never heard this mentioned when the decision was made."

Joyce said that the 490 men assigned to

the armory, located at the intersection of Sumner and Jefferson Aves., would be assigned to other armories on a company basis. The battalion has four companies of about 100 men each.

He said there are no available statistics on the percentage of blacks in the 25,000-man State Army National Guard but noted that a survey four years ago had shown that three per cent of the guard was black.

Joyce said that the decision to close the Sumner Ave. Armory, a "middle-sized" armory for the city, had been based on its physical condition. "It's sort of run down and rat-infested," he said. Three other upstate armories, out of a state total of 96, will also be closed to troop use, he said.

The armory, a glimpse of what Brooklyn used to be for the gentleman-soldier, is a block-long brownstone building with an ornately carved facade. Inside the front entrance are gleaming hardwood floors, massive, carved mahogany and other dark wood trimming surrounding the doors and windows and a huge wooden staircase, covered with carved figures, spiraling up to the second level of a vaulted space.

In the back of the armory is a huge gymnasium-like room and an even larger space below which holds parked military vehicles. A swimming pool, billiard rooms and other recreational facilities have been closed. Throughout the building are banners, pennants and other memorabilia of 19th and 20th century Brooklyn military units.

Joyce said that although he had not heard of the black organization's efforts to recruit men into the guard, he was "delighted" to learn of their activities and confident that the dispersal of the four

companies would not hamper their efforts. "Our doors have always been open to blacks," he said.

Allen attacked Joyce's claim that the closing is based solely on budgetary needs. The Sumner Armory is cheaper to run than many—costing about \$150,000 a year, he said. He also said that the ratio of civilian workers to military personnel would have to remain the same regardless of how the unit is broken up.

The dispersal of the Sumner Armory unit will be a blow to attempts by the 715th Veterans Association to serve the community, predicted Allen.

The 715th is made up of members of the 715 AAA Gun Battalion, quartered at the armory in 1948 and one of only three black National Guard Battalions in the city at that time. When the 715th returned from active duty in Korea in 1954, they found that a number of white units had been assigned to the armory and, after a series of unit designation charges, the battalion lost its identity, said Allen.

CONTACT: Allen, 498-1113

Col. Joyce, (518) 457-6690

July 9, (CNS)—Six mobile homes now being installed in Brownsville are proving the focal point for renewed opposition from some area residents to a New York City Housing Authority plan to eventually install 57 mobile homes to help ease the relocation crush in the Marcus Garvey Urban Renewal Area.

While a demonstration against the homes has been announced for next

Wednesday morning, it was learned yesterday that the Central Brooklyn Model Cities Brownsville Area Committee had recently withdrawn its support of the project, according to CBMC neighborhood director Horace L. Morancie.

The action was reportedly taken by the Model Cities committee because of disappointment in the quality and appearance of the mobile homes.

The demonstration, to be held at the site of the mobile homes, located between Strauss and Herzl Sts. and Pitkin and Sutter Aves., is being organized by the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Tenants Association, which has opposed the project since its announcement in early spring.

The association had charged that the project would look "like a shanty town" and that residents in the fenced-in area would be stigmatized as "freaks."

The association's request for a temporary restraining order against the Housing Authority's installation of the homes was denied in federal court on June 22.

A spokesman for the Housing Authority said, however, that installation of the 57 mobile homes is continuing and should be completed within a month.

He said he was unaware of the withdrawal of Model Cities support of the project. The project's cost of \$700,000 is being put up by the Urban Development Corporation, which has contracted the Housing Authority to manage them.

CONTACT: Delores Torres, 756-5253
OHB Association Morancie, 385-4100
Gloria Boyce, CBMC Brownsville area committee head 385-4606
Val Coleman, HA, 433-5013

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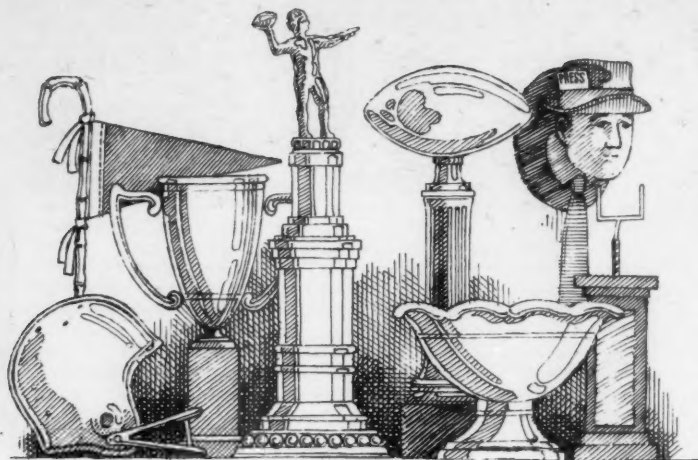
Winchell

a biography by Bob Thomas



Reflections on Being Kicked Out

BY LEONARD SHECTER



In the pre-season, Paul Brown, coach, general manager, part owner and chief literary critic of the Cincinnati Bengals, a football team, has a small office in the dormitory building of Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio. On a soft afternoon in mid-August, in full view of the local sporting press (and Mort Sharnik of *Sports Illustrated*) Brown, a small, thin, dry man of 60, reached out from his desk chair, threw open the door to this office, pointed to me and, voice trembling, said, "Out!"

I have, I suppose, been thrown out of better places; never, however, for quite this reason. The man doesn't like my stuff. Before pointing the way out, Brown asked me three questions. Had I written an article on Vince Lombardi in *Esquire*? Had I written an article about Commissioner Pete Rozelle in the *Times Sunday Magazine*? Had I written an article about Al Davis (who calls himself managing general partner) of the Oakland Raiders in *Look*? I admitted, modestly, I had. "Out!"

It is difficult to maintain much dignity during this kind of confrontation. The impulse is to disappear, like zap! The hope, however, is to deliver the quintessential put-down line, the one that leaves one's opponent open-mouthed, speechless, skewered. Such devastating lines do in fact leap to mind, but alas, usually not until after some hours of insomnia. All I could manage, spluttering a bit, I'm afraid, was that I thought myself a careful and honest journalist and that while I would, of course, accept Brown's invitation to leave, he should not for a moment believe that he had any control over what was written about professional football in America.

I was quite wrong, and I'll explain why. First a couple of other points. One is that despite some anguished yelps from the sporting establishment, I do not consider myself an assassin. If these articles had been written about politicians, theatrical people, writers, they would have stirred hardly a ripple (as have others I have written about football people, Bart Starr and Johnny Sample, to name two, which Brown didn't seem to notice.) Only in sports, where anything short of drooling love is regarded as armed insurrection, could these articles have caused so much consternation.

It seemed to me an irony, too, that I had gone to Wilmington (for *Look*) with a vague story line in mind that was, if anything, flattering to Brown. In his last five years in Cleveland before being fired, Brown had been a failure. He was bad-mouthed by the famous Jim Brown (hardly a man to cast any first stones) and was scheduled, I knew, for further exacerbation in a forthcoming book by Bernie Parrish, who had played for him. The major charge was that modern football had passed Paul Brown by. Yet here he was with new success, an expansion team in Cincinnati. It looked, at a distance at least, like a there's-life-in-the-old-boy-yet story. If I felt anything about Paul Brown at all (I'd never met him) it was a vague sympathy.

I have an easily stated—if somewhat arguable—theory about the matter of interviews. It's this: no one has any obligation to talk to the press—unless he is a public servant or has been using the press for his profit. So the poor window cleaner who falls out of the forty-second story window into a damp handkerchief, sees God on the way down, and lives, has the

right, it seems to me, when the media press him for his story, to ask, "How much?" On the other hand, the public servant, the politician who has used the press to help him get elected, has an obligation to tell all, and truthfully. This holds equally, and for almost the same reasons, for people in entertainment and sports. Without great publicity, without the system,

The Emperor's Footmen

The special-assignment sportswriters who regularly cover pro football are a major key to the suffocating control Commissioner Pete Rozelle and the owners exercise over their monopoly. There is at least one special writer assigned to cover pro football in every National Football League franchise city. This gives the league a free multimillion-dollar propaganda machine with an influential voice in twenty-four major cities and population centers in the country. Almost on cue they promote a merger, push legislation, attack an opponent of the league, justify ticket-price increases, trades, and rule changes, or generally create a cover for whatever dealings the owners may be plotting. These sportswriters find life easier and more profitable if they remain in management's favor. Without cooperation from the team's management, a sportswriter would be unable to fill his daily column. It doesn't pay to oppose management's interests too often, and back scratching can be very rewarding. A sportswriter's fringe benefits from such an assignment are thousands of dollars' worth of free meals in exclusive restaurants, trips to exotic places (such as Palm Springs and Hawaii, where owners' meetings are held), Christmas gifts like tape recorders, luggage, free tickets to games—enough to turn most any pro football writer's head, especially with the relatively low salaries sportswriters draw...

All play-by-play TV and radio announcers are approved not only by club management but by Rozelle himself. There is no question as to which side of their bread the butter is on. The major sports announcers cannot afford to do anything but patronize the owners' interests on every significant issue, while often discrediting and discouraging players opposing the league. The writers' and announcers' close association with the team tends to get them emotionally involved as insiders, to a point where they would naturally hate to be cut off from the club they are following. This further serves management's interests. Writers have been told so many times that the owners must have option clauses, antitrust exemptions, higher ticket prices, etc., that most actually believe it. In any event, few would want to rock the boat on real issues because they know they would be the first to fall out.

From: **They Call It A Game** (Dial Press)
by Bernie Parrish, former Cleveland Browns cornerback.

there would be no great fame, no enormous salaries. So again there is a debt. Under those rules, Paul Brown owed something to me, as he does to every other journalistic organization which has, in some measure, contributed to the great popularity and immense income of professional football. The sad fact is, however, that Paul Brown doesn't know or care about these debts. He cares more about control over what is said about him. And he has it.

He has it because all sports are able to exert enormous pressures over what is reported in the media. Nor is this control always as simple and direct as it is with television, which is a willing and greedy partner of sport rather than the impartial chronicler of its games, personalities and machinations it often likes to pretend it is. One of the reasons these pressures can work is that the media have been guilty of the worst kind of boosterism, the kind that would send H.L. Mencken to his thesaurus to check out Kiwanis and boob. Newspapers especially—although magazines, including *Sports Illustrated*, are hardly innocents—boost sports because they think it's patriotic, good for business and because they are run, by and large, by men whose jaws drop open in admiration at the mere mention of a famous sports personality. There is no telling how high a price a managing editor would pay to be able to troupe through some clubhouse with his eight-year-old son gathering autographs.

When I worked for the *New York Post* I was prevented from running a survey, gathered with some difficulty, that showed that even after a series of New York basketball scandals, St. John's University was still giving basketball scholarships to kids who were unable to earn degrees. My editors did not want to "hurt" Joe Lapchick, who was basketball coach at the time. Bill Roeder, now an editor at *Newsweek*, was kicked out of the old *World-Telegram* sports department because he had offended Dan Topping, then co-owner of the Yankees, with a report that the Yankees were discouraging college football in New York by demanding exorbitant rentals for the Stadium. (The easiest way to offend a man like Topping was with the truth.) More recently, Jim O'Brien of the *Post* mentioned in a column that Phil Berger, author of *Miracle on 33rd Street*, a book that took a somewhat more interesting look at the New York Knickerbockers than most, was being treated rather shabbily by the Knick front office. Barred from the dressing room, he had recently, O'Brien wrote, been tossed out of the press room as well. It was not an especially indignant column, although it did not reflect well on the higher reasoning powers of the Knick publicity staff.

The Garden reacted strongly. So did the *Post* sports department. I have no precise knowledge of conversations between these two big organizations, but I do know what the upshot was. O'Brien was, for some time, relieved of writing his sports column. Eventually, O'Brien got his column back. I imagine he'll think twice before criticizing certain Garden personnel again.

My own experience of note with the Garden was that when I displeased the boxing department (with several broadcasts I did while working for Westinghouse) it retaliated by withholding working press credentials. The Garden dispenses more than just working press tickets. A whole pack of complimentary tickets go to worthies, unworthies, hangers-on and friends of the family. And it should be noted that when the Garden itself attempted to crack down on people scalping sporting tickets on its front doorstep, it was discovered that many of these tickets were so-called "press" complementaries.

None of this may seem to matter much. Yet is it a coincidence that the Garden tears down a perfectly good arena on Forty-Ninth Street and turns it into an instant parking lot while the high school kids in this town have no place to play their tournament games, and no newspaper makes anything of it? Is it a coincidence that men who were in charge during basketball and boxing scandals are still running things without even a quibble from our newspaper sports departments? Is it a coincidence that Ralph Nader was not a newspaperman?

Then we have the case of the sports reporter who was picked up by the lapels and slammed against the dugout wall by the terrible tempered Ralph Houk, manager of the Yankees. The reason doesn't matter. What does matter is that the man chose not to write about this incident in his newspaper although manager-slugs-reporter is right up there with man-bites-dog. His reason? Well, he was afraid a story would tell his editors he was on bad terms with the club and that they might, as a result, relieve him of this beloved duty.

Now here's Neil Amdur of the *Times* in his recently published *The Fifth Down*, quoting newspapermen on Bear Bryant, the Alabama coach. "You learn not to challenge the Bear on his home turf," said (Benny) Marshall (columnist for the *Birmingham News*), a trusted Bryant confidant at the time. "He can make things pretty rough." Or: "It's just not worth losing the contact," one Alabama writer said. "When you got to live with the Bear every week, you can't take that chance."

This explains, I suppose, the silence of a roomful of young sports reporters when Paul Brown threw a magazine man out of a press

It's already the #2 bestseller in London, and no wonder. A lot of people want to know how a man can take a tidy little business of selling mutual funds to servicemen overseas and turn it into a 2.5-billion-dollar empire in less than fifteen years. That's the story the London *Sunday Times* award-winning "Insight" team tells here — revealing the entire offshore financial world and the mutual-fund business.

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THE VIKING PRESS



conference because he didn't like his history as a writer. (It does not explain the silence of Mort Sharnik, though. I do not believe I would have pretended deafness had our roles been reversed.)

The fact is that it's a great deal more comfortable, when covering the sporting scene on a regular basis, to offend as few people as possible. Athletes are not interested in journalism. "The truth has got nothing the fuck to do with it," Roger Maris once told me, his breath fogging my eyeglasses. It's easier for the sports beat man, as it is for any other kind of beat man, to ignore certain kinds of stories. It's why, as David Halberstam has pointed out in *Harper's*, that the first knocks on Sy Hersh's Mylai story came from his own confreres. It's why also, I suppose, the majority of the sporting press condemned me and Jim Bouton for *Ball Four*, not on the ground that we had told falsehoods, but because there are "some things better left unsaid." This, it seems to me, represents no more than years of conditioning by athletes and sporting organizations. Young sports writers are taught that there are some things better left unsaid. And they learn which ones, and fast, or they go into a different business.

The man who attacked *Ball Four* most vociferously was Dick Young of the *Daily News*. He attacked from a lot of directions, but when pinned down he admitted his major complaint was that Bouton (and by

implication I) had betrayed the world of sports by indicating that athletes, even married athletes, will, while on the road, sometimes cast longing glances at women not their wives. It was as though we had flat out said that Joe Glutz of the New York Sparrows screwed canaries. Of course, we had done nothing of the kind. But while covering the Muhammad Ali-Jimmy Ellis fight in Houston, Young carefully reported that a long line of young women who went up to Ali's room seeking autographs were gone much longer than reason dictates it takes to obtain one. So there was Young doing exactly what we never did but he accused us so noisily of doing. The difference, perhaps, is that Ali is black and Young doesn't like his religion, his politics or his draft status.

I do not want to depart now leaving the impression that the situation is hopeless, that the sportswriting profession is so shot through with chicken-heartedness and hero-worship that it's an irredeemable journalistic wasteland. The *Times* did give Bob Lipsyte a column, and it did hire Neil Amdur. Larry Merchant (whose attitude toward games is not quite the same as mine) does, when the mood strikes him, do a tough column. And slowly, other good sports reporters are coming into the profession elsewhere in the country. They are as good and tough as the young athletes who are no longer moved by rah rah and all that. Sports in America is changing and so is sportswriting. I can hardly wait.

(LETTERS)

Oil in Southeast Asia

I wish (MORE) well and was deeply impressed by much in your first issue, notably the Curtis piece. But Cowan's crude, slapdash article—presumably rooted in a provincial reading of the New York press—does you a disservice. From 16 years experience, I can assert that *The Washington Post* is neither afraid of nor unwilling to do original research unwelcomed by the oil industry. One of my first stories here (with Karl Meyer) exploded the false oil "shortage" from which Europe was not suffering in the aftermath of the Suez Canal closing. The industry had been using the "shortage" claim to win extraordinary anti-competitive privileges from government.

More recently, the paper has run under my by-line an extended account of former Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson's financial arrangements with oil interests while in office; several stories demonstrating the industry-bureaucracy's successful effort to undo Nixon's promise of lower oil prices; and the uncovering of the remarkable antitrust exemption given the internationals, ostensibly to bargain with the producers but in fact to recreate the shaky cartel.

I looked carefully into the oil-Vietnam story and in my judgment—not Mrs. Graham's—it wouldn't wash. Yes, there are large and promising South Asian prospects but that is an enormous area and it is a gross distortion to make Vietnam and the region an identity. The best prospects, and development on a considerable scale has been underway for several years, lie offshore from Indonesia. The unexplored Vietnam shelf is lagniappe. It seemed to me when I wrote—and it still does—that even a Hilferding would balk at the suggestion that Nixon's reluctant pullout rests to any degree on an effort to protect investment in Indonesia. The Cowan insinuation that South Asian oil is Vietnamese oil borders on the dishonest.

Lest you think I'm a lone exception here, I should point out that in recent months my colleagues have written stories they have developed challenging the industry's claim of a domestic energy shortage and pointing to the growing concentration of energy ownership. In sum, the financial section of a New York morning newspaper is not an adequate basis for assessing press treatment of oil.

—Bernard D. Nossiter
Washington, D.C.

Your first issue of (MORE) included a violation of reporting ethics so fundamental that it makes me wonder if the copy is being edited. I refer to the article entitled "Slicking Over the Oil Industry," by Paul Cowan. In the third paragraph Mr. Cowan writes that an article by William D. Smith of *The New York Times* "was probably written in New York" and "most likely

... was stitched together from industry press releases and talks with public relations men." This, writes Mr. Cowan, "would be consistent with Smith's concept of journalism."

My concept of journalism is that if a reporter attacks an individual, or reports an attack, the target of the attack is given an opportunity in the same article to defend himself. I saw no mention of any effort by Mr. Cowan to give Mr. Smith such an opportunity. Words and phrases such as "probably" and "most likely" have no place in a publication such as (MORE) intends to be. They can be eliminated by facts; just ask Smith and quote him. If he refuses comment, say so.

I don't know Mr. Cowan or Mr. Smith, and I know nothing of oil reporting. However, fair play knows no specialized fields. Your publication cannot call for standards it does not apply to itself.

—John E. Heaney
Rye, N.Y.

Mr. Cowan replies: Mr. Heaney would make a good editor. I called William Smith after reading his letter. Smith told me that he'd written the article about Angola without visiting the country, and that once he'd heard of the potentially large find there he based his story on interviews with people in the oil industry and with security analysts, and on background information on Angola he'd read in *The Economist*. The conversation did give me a sense of Mr. Smith's problems, something I lacked when I wrote "Slicking Over the Oil Industry." He says that he writes about eleven articles for the *Times* each week (long pieces and short rewrites), and that he must do Sunday pieces in his spare time. "I'm too busy doing reporting to do investigative reporting," he said at one point in our conversation. He also says that his superiors, and many businessmen who read the *Times* financial section, agree that its main purpose is to inform potential investors about business prospects. He'd be in trouble with his superiors if he wrote much about politics in the financial section, he added. My feeling now is that Mr. Smith is a victim of the depressingly narrow definition of business news that is shared by most major media.

Mr. Nossiter's main point seems to be that he's a diligent oil reporter, and I agree. I wish he were a more careful article reader, though. In (MORE), and in the *Village Voice*, I have always sought to distinguish between the particular question of oil in Vietnam and the general question of oil in Southeast Asia. I've been focusing on the Vietnam situation, and trying to nag other media to report on the petroleum industry's increasing interest in the entire region.

I don't want these disputes to obscure the general point I was trying to make in "Slicking Over the Oil Industry," though. Business news is often political news. The media rarely treats it as such. That, of course, is a very serious failing.

The Reader's Digest Supplement

There are some serious errors in J. Anthony Lukas's article on *The Reader's Digest's* "Environment '71" issue. Mr. Lukas says that the *Digest's* conservation articles "are usually phrased in broad generalities and rarely point the finger at any single company or industry." As a "good example" (the only one he cites) he describes an article by me ("America the (Formerly) Beautiful," Feb. '69) as follows: "Industries - the major polluters - were mentioned only incidentally and no offending companies were named." I find it difficult to believe he read the article. First, it was not about pollution but about the physical damage we are doing to the countryside. Second, the first three paragraphs dealt with the efforts of Consolidated Edison (the company was named) to build a power plant at Storm King Mountain on the Hudson, and the final paragraph urged readers to write the Federal Power Commission "asking that it reject Con Ed's application for a license."

A very brief look at a few other *Digest* articles will also put in proper perspective Mr. Lukas's basic contention that the magazine is incapable of "hardnosed, investigative reporting" and that its editorial policy is a prisoner of its advertisers. For instance, take the May issue, which was on the stands a week or so before Mr. Lukas's claim that the magazine was toadying to industrial polluters to sell them advertising for its September issue. In the May issue is another article by me, "The Law That Could Clean Up Our Rivers." It examines and rejects industry's two main arguments against a tough federal crackdown on polluters and urges the Nixon Administration to do the same. It describes how a local conservation group used the Federal Refuse Act of 1899 to force the New York Central Railroad (the company was named) to stop a flagrant case of pollution; and it not only urges other conservation groups to give polluters in their areas "the same kind of surveillance and prosecution that the Central got" but it provides a specific advice on how to gather the evidence and prepare a case. It concludes that, if the Nixon Administration will stand firm against the pressure of industry and back this kind of citizen action with tough enforcement by federal prosecutors, "the result could be the most rapid and dramatic improvement yet made in the quality of our waterways." This last statement is the only "broad generality" Mr. Lukas will find in the article.

The truth is that the *Digest's* conservation articles have, to use Mr. Lukas's phrase, "pointed the finger at" any number of companies and industries - a fact that he could have discovered if he had read a few of my other articles. (I cite only my own work since I was the only writer he mentioned.) Here are a few:

"The Alarming Case Against DDT" (Oct. '69), an interview with Dr. Charles F. Wurster of the Environmental Defense Fund that refuted all the main claims of the chemical industry about the harmlessness of DDT (and that was subsequently attacked by the head of the manufacturers' association as presenting only the "far left" side of the case, whatever that means).

"Rape On The Oklawaha" (Jan. '70), a piece of investigative reporting that made the Cross-Florida Barge Canal a national issue by exposing the techniques by which the Corps of Engineers and local business interests had manipulated the economic and environmental figures to justify the canal's construction.

"A Sensible Plan for Future Development" (Aug. '70), an interview with ecological planner Ian McHarg that called for national land-use planning; the main example cited in the article to illustrate the destructiveness of badly planned development was the dredging of the Delaware River to provide a deep-water channel to the Trenton plant of U.S. Steel. (The company was named.)

"Crisis On The Rivers" (Dec. '70), which described in detail the hand-in-glove relationship between the government river-development bureaucracies (which were named, along with specific pork-barrel projects) and the special-interest land developers, construction companies and waterway operators (whose Washington lobby was named).

"Battle Tactics for Conservationists" (Jan. '71), which gave very detailed and specific advice on how to fight environmentally damaging projects and spelled out some of the propaganda techniques used by land developers, oil companies and DDT manufacturers.

"Bad Scene At Mike Horse Mine" (Feb. '71), which dealt with a plan by Anaconda Copper (the company was named) to locate an open-pit mine at a particularly beautiful spot in Montana's Helena National Forest and which called for revision of the General Mining Law of 1872 and other similar laws that leave such decisions in the hands of industry.

Every one of these articles dealt not with generalities but with specific companies, industries, trade groups, lobbies and bureaucracies. As a result of this kind of reporting, over the years, I have received a large amount of very bitter criticism from government and industry, yet my editors at the *Digest* have never once suggested that I tone down my

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writing. So it was to me something of a surprise to find myself and the *Digest* being attacked "from behind," as it were, by a writer whose work I respect but who has never, as far as I know, written on the complex and controversial subject of environmental matters and who has certainly not read my articles.

—James N. Miller
Roving Editor
The Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, N.Y.

Your article on *The Reader's Digest* was O.K. But it left me feeling that the subject really wasn't worth the trouble. The one cavil I would offer centers on those "several environmental specialists" you consulted who'd never heard of me. Millions of people have never heard of me, but I am bound to clue you to the fact that there really isn't any such animal as an environmental specialist. Mind telling me who those guys you consulted are?

A gratuitous thought about (MORE): I doubt that Liebling would have liked such a cheerless product.

—William Houseman
Editor
The Environment Monthly
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Lukas replies: Mr. Miller and Mr. Houseman seem unduly sensitive. Each was mentioned only incidentally in my article about the *Digest's* fall advertising supplement designed to help American corporations rebut criticism of their role in polluting the environment.

Mr. Houseman lent his name to this questionable project by writing the introduction. If he finds that fact in print "cheerless," I am inclined to agree.

Mr. Miller has more of a point—at least one. He did indeed mention Con Ed in his article, "America, the (Formerly) Beautiful," and I should have given him credit for that. It was mentioned in the introduction to his main argument, during which he named no other companies and in which he puts most of the blame on population increase and government agencies. However, Mr. Miller's elaborate self-justification isn't really necessary. I did not impugn either his journalistic integrity or ability. I mentioned his one article only in the course of noting the paucity of hard-nosed, investigative reporting on the environment in the *Digest*—a point I stand by.

I note, with some pleasure, that neither of the aggrieved gentlemen has challenged the article's central theme or sought to defend the *Digest's* quasi-journalistic venture into corporate image-making.

'Otherwise the Agnews Take Over'

I think it was Socrates who said that the unexamined life is not worth living. Well, I suggest that the unexamined press is not worth believing. With some splendid exceptions American journalism largely acts like the overly fed Siamese cat sleeping smugly on the well-padded cushions of its rich master's penthouse. (MORE) can stir us from our complacency. The intelligent and honest scrutiny of our professional peers is the best way I know to call us to account. Otherwise the Agnews take over. Without something like (MORE), the cries of "Free Press! Free Press!" become little more than an excuse for mediocrity. Keep it up and not only journalism but the country will owe you hearty thanks.

—Bill Moyers
Garden City, L.I.

The first issue of (MORE) is exciting, professional, generally constructive—and, most important, potentially a tremendous force on the side of the angels. As a long-time laborer in this field, I wish you and your colleagues the best of everything. Let me add that I hope it becomes standard policy to salute the good as well as to expose the shabby, and that you keep it professional with no political axe-grinding.

—Edward W. Barrett
Director
Communications Institute
New York, N.Y.

Post...

Continued from page 3

"These are only six random instances. I can cite more if you want them. But I am sure that you will agree that they hardly indicate a servid effort to recruit 'qualified' Negro and minority group reporters.

"Of course the *Post* has hired several reporters—Earl Caldwell, Nancy Hicks, Al Hendricks, Robert Terrell, Karen DeWitt, Al Harvin et al., but each left voluntarily for other papers or employment, and I do not recall that more than 3 of us were on the permanent payroll here at the same time. I talked with each of them individually and each said he was leaving because he felt there was no future for them as Negroes on the *New York Post* or that they were either not wanted here. I, in turn, told them that I would have followed their example of accepting other offers if I had not spent so much of my working life here. These cases are well-known throughout the Negro and Puerto Rican communities and the dropping of Henrietta Johnson was widely known in Harlem almost before she could take our errant bus back to the community.

The next morning (Saturday), I got a call from an official of Black Perspective [a group of black journalists that meets regularly in New York]. He said that the group's board was considering two questions—whether to take another full page ad in *The Amsterdam News* and the *New York Courier* to highlight the situation at the *Post* through the Johnson dismissal, or whether to throw a picket line around our new building to protest what they, too, regard as a quota system for Negro employees. I mentioned this call at last night's meeting [about the Johnson dismissal] and several *Post* employees thought that it was a darn good idea and promised to use their lunch period to join such a picket line. It seemed to be the consensus of the meeting that Henrietta should be urged to take her case to the City Commission on Human Rights where the whole situation could be placed on record. She, understandably, was receptive to the idea.

"Our apparent de facto quota of one Negro reporter on the staff was raised to three when Ernest Johnston, Jr. and Emile Milne were added to the staff. But these men were only given full-time jobs here after the Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Committee hauled Leonard Arnold and other newspaper and radio-television employment managers to a public hearing. The *New York Times* man, like Len Arnold [personnel and industrial relations manager], pleaded the difficulty of finding 'qualified' Negro editorial workers, but—unlike us—it [the *Times*] quickly overcame the difficulty and added at least 15 other black workers to the half-dozen Negro reporters working there at the time. So did the *Daily News* and the networks find more. But we apparently could find only two men.

"I do not contend that Henrietta Johnson was fired solely because she was a Negro. But I think she was merely a victim of a system which consciously, surely not unconsciously, has established a de facto quota for Negro reporters at the *Post*. I know that this charge will be defied, but discrimination is a dirty work which no one will accept or proclaim. Even Mississippi Senator Stennis denied on TV last Sunday that he was opposing integration of the public schools. But I think that we will hurt ourselves in the long run by refusing to face squarely and discuss openly this matter of de facto quotas in Negro employment here. Eventually, we may want some good reporter who happens to be black. But what competent Negro reporter who knows the situation here would give up a good job with another paper to risk becoming a Fletcher Martin at the *New York Post*? I understand that we are experiencing some problem over the hiring of our first Negro photographer. I do not know the details, but I could have predicted it years ago. When the last major violent outbreak occurred in Harlem, I was instructed to get the names of the two best black photographers in Harlem and in Bedford-Stuyvesant and tell them they could work on a part-time basis for the *New York Post* during the next riot.

I hope you will not resent me speaking frankly on this situation—although others will undoubtedly resent it—but I think that it will be criminal for the *New York Post* to dissipate the unquestioned loyalty it has developed over the years from liberals and minority group communities by refusing to face and correct a situation which some of your executives won't even admit exists."

In her reply, dated March 9, Mrs. Schiff wrote:

"1) Fletcher Martin. Nothing in personnel files. Al Davis was managing editor at that time—Sann [executive editor Paul Sann] and Bott don't remember the Fletcher Martin experience; 2) Claude Lewis was considered qualified and would have become a permanent employee, but he left of his own accord for a higher paying job in broadcasting in Philadelphia; 3) Ed Cumberbatch asked for a leave of absence to go to work for a state legislator. Then he resigned. We still have a nice letter he

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son of a bitch responsible
for leaking
that letter, I want
you to fire him."**

**"If you find the
son of a bitch responsible
for not letting Hickel
see the President, I want
you to fire him."**

The country is numb. Political activity is at a low ebb. In Pogo's words, "We have met the enemy, and they are us."

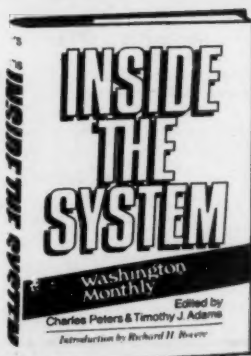
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wrote to Stan [managing editor Stan Opatowsky] thanking him for all the help he had received here. 4) Ray Rogers resigned. Bott gave the *L.A. Times* an excellent reference for him; 5) Alfonso Narvaez was let out. I have noted his front page story in *The New York Times*; 6) Mirian Rodriguez was let out.

In all the years you have been here and the many times you have been asked, you have never been willing to recommend the name of a black reporter. We have had to turn to other sources and have trained a number who have been raided by the *Times* and others, as you have noted. We are not operating under a quota system of three black reporters—if we were why would we be trying out others? At various times, we have had six black reporters on our staff, but several of these left of their own accord to accept positions with other employers. This took place after they had received training and experience at the *Post*.

"Since you have brought up the matter of the Federal Equal Employment Opportunity public hearing, at which Leonard Arnold testified on behalf of the *New York Post*, I would like to tell you that I read the transcript after the hearing and was appalled by the bullying tactics Mr. Arnold was subjected to, which he withstood with dignity.

"The latest available report concerning the number of black and Puerto Rican reporters employed by the three New York papers follows:

	Reporters	Black	Puerto Rican
Times	200	9	3
News	150	5	1
Post	63	3	0

"Percentagewise, as far as black reporters are concerned, we are ahead, not behind the others, as you charged when you spoke to me on the telephone about the matter last week. We are behind in the Puerto Rican category. We are not experiencing any difficulty in hiring a black photographer. We have a good prospect on probation at this time....

"Finally, I do not resent your speaking frankly on this subject and welcome the opportunity to give you the facts and to correct any false impressions you may have."

Lack of space prohibits quoting at length from Mr. Posten's bitter reply to Mrs. Schiff's terse rejoinder. He called "patently and completely untrue" her charge that he never recommended any black journalists, citing a number of instances where he felt he had. Among them was Fletcher Martin, the tryout from Chicago, whom Mrs. Schiff said her executives could not recall. Like a good reporter, Posten produced clippings of pieces Martin had written for the *Post*. "I doubt that any tiny gremlin wrote the byline stories I discovered in our library files," he observed.

In fairness to the *Post*, it probably should be noted that few able reporters—black or white—want to work for a newspaper so dedicated to 1930s journalism. (When Nathan Leopold died recently, almost half a century after he murdered Bobby Franks, he was still THRILL-KILLER LEOPOLD for the purposes of page one.) Mrs. Schiff complains that good journalists depart her city room because the *Post* is "raided" by the *Times*. Yet she does almost nothing to make her newspaper a place where a reporter might want to remain. In 1969 and 1970 a group of her employees made this point in a series of meetings with the publisher. Mrs. Schiff listened politely, but no fundamental change has taken place.

For the present, Mrs. Schiff seems most concerned with concentrating her energy and money on defending the *Post's* honor. The Human Rights division not only told the *Post* to end discriminatory hiring practices but ordered the newspaper to offer to re-hire William Artis for a full probationary period and provide him "with adequate guidance and training." Instead of making this offer and getting on with the business of running a newspaper for the 1970s, Mrs. Schiff chooses to appeal. Her lawyer in this matter from the start has been Morris B. Abram, former president of Brandeis University and member of the quintessentially liberal firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. Thus we have the prospect of Mrs. Schiff spending what she admits could conceivably run to six figures to prove William Artis wrong. Meanwhile, her executive editor, Mr. Sann, maintains the *Post's* tight budget is one reason he does not want to spend \$200 a week to subscribe to the minority-oriented Community News Service (see page 6). The irony would be funny were it not so depressing.

Mailer. . .

Continued from page 1

case from too much sun; in Mailer's from staring too long and hard at the glare of his own considerable, self-generated publicity), but such mystic arrogance is out of fashion in a democracy. The Champ of Machismo got a bum steer from his promoters. Imagine, if you will, the conversation that night in Elaine's while the future of the species hung in delicate balance: "Norman, sweetheart, this thing has gone too far. We're counting on you for the knock-out punch. Hit 'em in the womb."

Since the day he put on his first pair of literary long pants, Mailer has struck a wide-legged stance of lusty sex and bellicose precocity, on and off the printed page. Now comes a woman's movement that tramples pell mell on his favored pose, declaring in a bellicose voice of its own that sex and violence do not equal manhood. He responds by pretending playfully to draw his sword against the lot of them, reducing all argument to a bawdy escapade in a bordello. (Yes, Virginia, there are still some men who think a night in a whorehouse is an affirmation of their sex.)

The pity of it is that he is so talented. Few writers can be as brilliant, preposterous and charming, all in the same paragraph. His colossal ego has been an interesting, even appropriate, vehicle for interpreting some major events of the day. In the past his verbal pyrotechnics took attention from his bovine prejudices and made them seem amusing. He was indulged because he was so clever. Now that he puts all his sexual theories in one basket and demands that we take him seriously, it is simply embarrassing.

Mailer's self-description, "Left-Conservative," becomes thrillingly clear in this little tract. Against a panorama of dirty words more dazzling than the walls of a bus-depot public washroom (this his Left, or radical side), he trots out his prissy lectures (this his Conservative side) on the "evils" of abortion, masturbation and homosexuality: his philosophical heritage of "Waste not, want not," descended in a straight line from the Old Testament stricture's "Thou shalt not cast thy seed upon the ground." Mailer is more Old Testament than he thinks.

A cut-and-paste job on early women's liberation writing, a gentleman-doth-protest-too-much defense of Henry Miller and D. H. Lawrence, and a Magical Mystery Tour of his hardworking sperm—taking all of the credit and none of the pain for the act of creation—round out the 40,000 odd words of this Pulitzer Prize Winner's apostrophe to his genitalia. Mailer's ultimate insight is that if the women's movement means he'll have to do the dishes with his wife, he'd rather live with a male roommate. Forewarned is forearmed, dear candidates for the position of Number 5.

(MORE)

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The rising power of the suburbs; the potential of revenue sharing as a means of rescuing the cities from fiscal crisis; the need to guide urban growth more firmly; the perils of environmental pollution—these are some urban issues currently in the headlines. They were also some of the major topics in the first issue of CITY magazine—published in July, 1967.

CITY has consistently stayed ahead of the headlines. Later in 1967 it warned against the waste of public resources on the SST, discussed the balancing of urban and rural need, explored the potential of "new towns in town."

In January, 1968, CITY presented a major analysis of the causes of civil disorders that was confirmed two months later by the Kerner Commission report. In the same issue, CITY reported the growing numbers and "togetherness" of black elected officials (which has now culminated in the Congressional Black Caucus).

After the 1968 elections, CITY found in the results the beginnings of today's much-publicized conflicts between minorities and white blue-collar workers.

In May of 1969, CITY was the first magazine to publish White House counselor Daniel Patrick Moynihan's proposals for a national urban policy. And in the next issue it reported the White House debate that was to result in the recently enacted Family Assistance Plan.

As 1969 ended, CITY called for new links between urban and environmental concerns — and pointed out the dangerous links between the fight against inflation and the then-beginning upward rise of unemployment.

There's no magic to CITY's ability to stay ahead of the headlines. It's simply that CITY is the only magazine devoted exclusively to illuminating, analyzing, and reporting the urban crisis in all its complex, interrelated facets. Thus it discovers and presents important issues and developments before they become "news."

CITY's mission is to increase understanding and concern for our urban crisis so that solutions — real solutions — can occur. Our nation's future is at stake.

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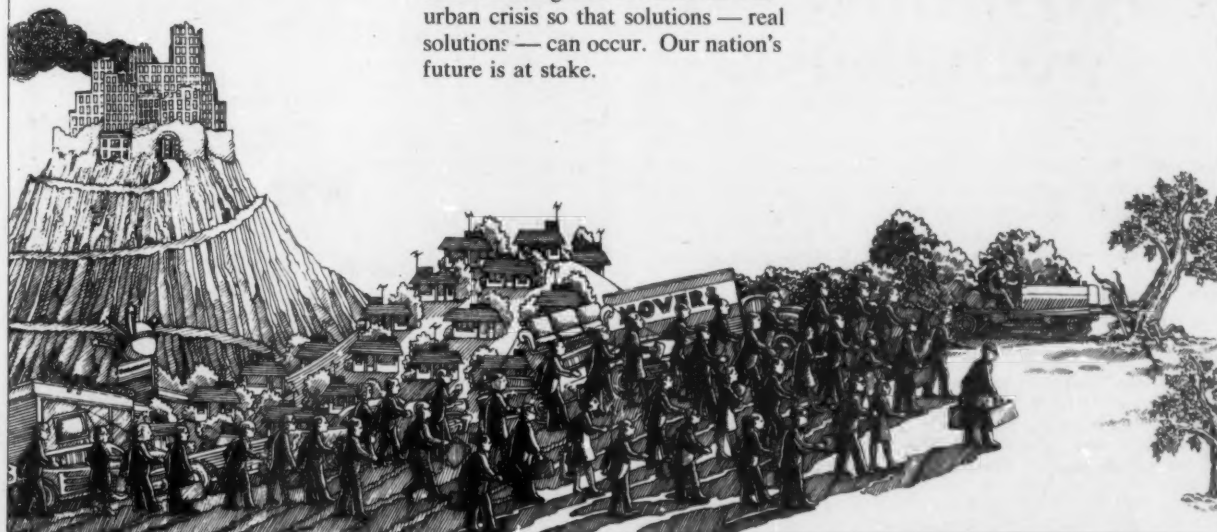
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[HELLBOX]

Continued from page 2

itor of the Mexico (Mo.) Ledger.

With three or four exceptions (most notably, John Cowles and Otis Chandler), the newspapers and other properties controlled by the directors range from pedestrian to benighted. J. Howard Wood is 71 years old. Seven of his colleagues are in their sixties. Six are in their fifties. The remainder in their forties. All, of course, are white males. An elaborate mechanism exists by which the impression is left that some sort of democracy is involved in the election of these directors. In fact, however, this annual charade merely substitutes one clubmate for another. Except in the case of Paul Miller. At 66, he's been around since 1950: first serving the maximum of three consecutive three-year terms and then, by special dispensation, staying on the board as president. Not surprisingly, Miller turns out to be an old AP hand, having risen to the penultimate rank of assistant general manager before moving to Gannett, a newspaper chain whose considerable size is exceeded only by its lack of distinction.

The Associated Press is by far the most influential news-gathering organization in the world. In the United States alone, more than 1,250 newspapers and 3,250 broadcast outlets depend on it heavily every day. The AP is owned by its member newspapers (the broadcasters don't have any voting voice on the board, either) and over the years the principal wish of the publishers has been to keep the cost of the service low. The result, predictably, is a daily file whose quality is (with rare exceptions) mediocre at best. There are, to be sure, some good journalists at the AP. Why they don't try to wrest some control from the potentates is hard to understand.

[MORE]

In its June 7, issue, Time magazine devoted most of its section on The Law to a telling exposition of the case of James Johnson, Jr., a 34-year-old black

IGNORANCE
is a
form of
environmental
pollution...

TIME INCORPORATED
a broadly based communications company

who shot and killed three co-workers in a Detroit factory. What made the case particularly newsworthy was Johnson's successful defense: not guilty

by reason of insanity caused by the racist atmosphere and Dickensian conditions in the factory. In his file from Detroit, Time correspondent David DeVoss identified the factory as a Chrysler Corp. axle plant. Jose Ferrer 3rd, the contributing editor in New York who wrote the story from DeVoss's file, named the company several times. Assistant managing editor Richard M. Seamon, however, neatly killed all references to Chrysler when the copy reached his desk. Both Ferrer and his immediate editor, Robert Shnayerson (now editor-in-chief of Harper's), exploded over the excision, but to no avail. When the magazine appeared on the stands the following week, the factory was identified only as "an axle plant."

In the weeks since, Seamon has been busily justifying his decision, at one point telling The Wall Street Journal that "there was nothing to indicate the Chrysler plant was any worse than any other axle plant." More recently, Seamon told (MORE) that advertising revenue played no role in his decision, insisting that he didn't even know the Chrysler ad figures. To save him the trouble of having to look them up, here they are: \$1 million to Time in the first six months of 1971 (three per cent of the magazine's total ad revenue in that period) and a total of \$1.8 million to Time, Life and Sports Illustrated, in the first half of the year.

[MORE]

Doubtless former Times reporter Sidney Zion knew the reaction would be stern when, on the Barry Gray Show last summer, he fingered Daniel Ellsberg as the man who leaked the Pentagon Papers. Still, it must be hard to live with the realization that, as Times metropolitan editor Arthur Gelb decreed, he may

Never set foot in the Times again.

[MORE]

While on the subject of the Times, here are some altogether laudable observations it made editorially back in 1963 when Life magazine and the Field Enterprises Educational Corp. paid \$1 million for exclusive rights to the stories of the first 16 astronauts:

"The sale of the astronauts' personal stories" represents a stain of commercialism on the record of the space program. The astronauts are not movie stars or baseball heroes whose achievements in some private field of endeavor have made them objects of public interest. The motive of private profit has an honorable and legitimate place in the world of commercial endeavor, but that world does not embrace the tasks the astronauts have voluntarily agreed to attempt. If they are underpaid for the kind of job they do (a condition that exists very widely in the Federal Government) they should be paid more; but they should be paid by their employers, the people of the United States. They should not be permitted to reap enormous private profits from outside sources on the basis of their participation in a great national effort."

Times change, of course, as anyone knows who read the stories of the Apollo 15 astronauts this summer—written exclusively for the Times syndicate.

[MORE]

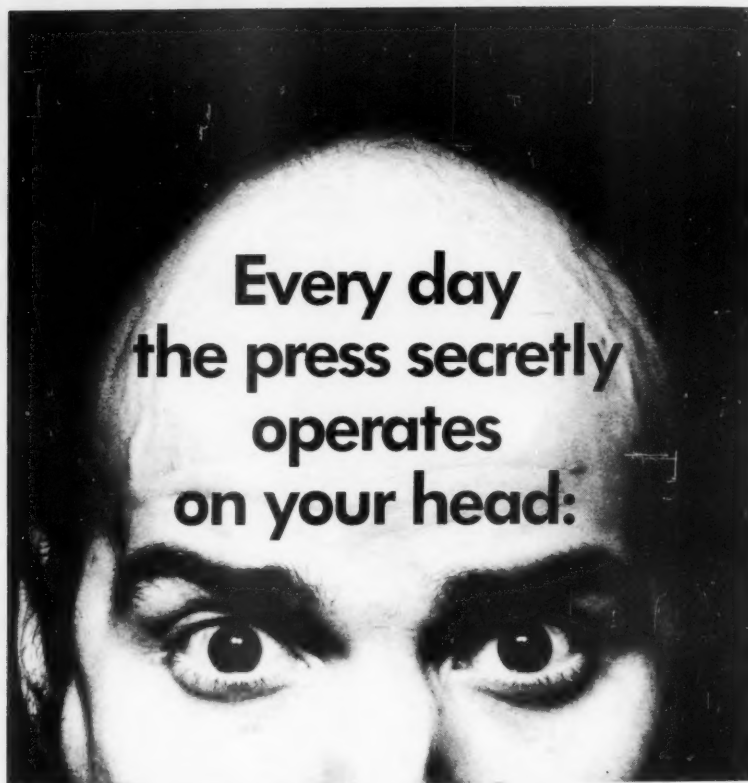
As nervously promised in Vol. 1 No. 1, this final Hellbox item is devoted to correcting factual mistakes that inadvertently find their way into (MORE). Our chief difficulty the first time out seems to have been with arithmetic. In the Hellbox note on the Dow Jones News Service's failure to check out a phony press release from the Selas Corporation of America, we reported that the Pennsylvania machinery maker's stock jumped to 23 3/4 from 4 7/8 as a result. As a number of readers pointed out, the stock actually rose 4 7/8 points to 23 3/4 Even more readers reminded us that the cost of buying (MORE) on the newsstand over two years is \$18, not \$14 as our back page coupon stated. Thus, a \$12 special two-year charter subscription represents a savings of \$6 not \$2. We are particularly happy to correct that error.

**Unfortunately, this is the only
deadline we have in Vietnam.**



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